

The History of

witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, lie be hangd: it could not be else. I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere nor as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horse, you rogues, Giue mee my Horse, and bee hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt meet thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I bee your Ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Carters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes. let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Pion. O tis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardoll*, what newes?

Bar. Caffe yee, caffe ey; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fals. To bee hangd.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane.

Ned Poines and I will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Henry the

Peto. But how many be they?
Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, wee leaue that.
Poy. Sirra *lack*, thy horse stands needest him, there thou shalt find.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him.

Prince. Ned, where are our dis-

Poy. Heere hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man to his businesse.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the bo- the hill, wee leaue afoote a wh-

Theeues. Stay.

Fals. Strike, downe with them hore son caterpillers! Bacon-fed k downe with them, sleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both v-

Fals. Hang ye gorbelled knaues chuffes, I would your store were knaues? yong men must liue, you a iure you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and the Prince, and

Prince. The theeues haue bon- thou and I rob the theeues, and go be argument for a weeke, laughte for euer.

Poy. Stand close, I heare them co-

Enter the theeues.

Fals. Come, my masters, let vs sh- day: and the Prince and Poynes b- theres no equity stirring, ther's no than in a wild Ducke.